

THE
BEVY OF BEAUTIES.

A
COLLECTION OF SONNETS.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS]



CONFIDENTIAL

PROPERTY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

THE
BEVY OF BEAUTIES.

A
COLLECTION OF SONNETS.



All had the fairest Beauties of the Earth! Shakspeare.

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. BALDWIN, Pater-Noster-Row, and J. FAULDER,
Bond-Street.

MDCCCLXXXI.

REV. OF BRADSHAW

COLLECTION OF SONNETS



Printed for H. Baskerville, and J. Baskerville.

TO

HER GRACE, THE

DUTCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,

THESE SONNETS

ARE, WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT,

INSCRIBED

BY HER GRACE'S MOST OBEDIENT, AND

VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE WRITER.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE ensuing Poems are the Production of one Hand,
excepting those on the COUNTESS OF SALISBURY *and* LADY
BORLASE WARREN.

BEVY OF BEAUTIES.

(No. I.)

DUTCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

THAT form how resistless, those features how fair,
Each look is a whisper the heart springs to hear!
And fond to interpret,—too roguishly given,
Conceives a soft meaning that lifts it to Heaven!
And yet those dear features, I'd readily swear,
The meaning which innocence gives, only wear.
—O bow ye transgressors, in penitence bend ;—
Against such perfection, what sin to offend!
Yet see—in the brightness which darts from her eyes,
With *Beauty's* mild lustre her clemency flies!
That smile just display'd, to the soul has express'd
The tranquil composure that reigns in her breast.

THE BEVY OF BEAUTIES.

May those eyes, and that bosom, for ever, blest FAIR,
 Be undarken'd by sorrow, 'unruffled by care!
 Or if a tear start, or a sigh gently move,
 May the tear be of rapture, the sigh be of love!
 May your moments all fly on the wings of delight,
 And Pleasure's wide regions be still in your sight;
 And while you are tempted to ramble the ground,
 Let the music of gladness still echo around!

(No. II.)

DUTCHESS OF RUTLAND.

SCENE, *the Vicinity of BELVOIR CASTLE.*

FIRST in these shades, remember'd with delight,
 The gentle RUTLAND struck my dazzled sight!
 As on she came her eyes diffus'd a-far
 The peerless lustre of the morning star!
 Upon her beauteous cheek a blush was spread,
 Superior to the loveliest day-break red;

Her

THE BEVY OF BEAUTIES. 9

Her waving locks were twin'd with flow'ry braid ;
Her vest was with the bloom of Spring array'd ;
And to the breeze, that vest display'd the form
Of limbs, which must to love an Hermit warm !—
Her panting bosom—to the wind unbrac'd,
Shew'd more of Heav'n than Zealot ever trac'd !
An air supreme in ev'ry step was seen !—
The nymphs and shepherds hail'd their RURAL QUEEN :
And as the graceful BEAUTY pass'd along,
The village MINSTREL greeted her in song ;
At intervals, a choral strain arose,
And RUTLAND's name was heard in ev'ry close !

(No. III.)

LADY LAURA WALDEGRAVE.

OH for the soul of PETRARCH, on the hour*
He first receiv'd the force of beauty's pow'r !

* PETRARCH saw LAURA for the first time, at the church of St. Claire, in Avignon, on Monday the 6th of April, 1327.

B

When

10 THE BEVY OF BEAUTIES.

When thro' the aile he saw his LAURA move,
And sweet *Devotion*, dropp'd her wings to *Love* ;
While in the extacy of tender woe,
The Poet bade that soul in numbers flow.
O! for that soul!—Cou'd'st thou awaken, bard!
This second LAURA, cou'd thine eyes regard,
Anew of beauty's force thou'd'st surely sing,
Anew thy harp to Love's complainings, string!
—Behold with easy air, with look serene,
With dignity, which lightens all the scene,
The life---the soul of elegance, advance
Along the mazes of the sprightly dance!
With the same grace she moves upon the fight,
As sails a *Spirit* o'er the tracts of *Light* :
So, may she ever move thro' life's career ;
And still the praise of circles crown the FAIR!

THE BEVY OF BEAUTIES. II

(No. IV.)

COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

On her Departure for IRELAND.

SOON, BRITAIN, to thy boastful seats
The sweet CARLISLE shall bid adieu ;
And those bright hills, and green retreats,
By waves be sever'd from her view.

But ere she leaves thy rocky shore,
Let duteous Zeal his tribute bring :
For her, he stills the billowy roar,
And trims the *Zephyr's* lightest wing.

And thou, HIBERNIA, to thy arms,
With love, a sister's joy receive ;
Oh ! guard her well, whose worth, whose charms,
Deserve each blessing, thou can'st give.

12 THE BEVY OF BEAUTIES.

Still let thy hills, thy vallies green,
Before her steps their treasure spread ;
Her wit will cheer the rural scene,
Her song enliven every shade.

And when propitious gales shall bear
The BEAUTY to these shores again ;
The QUEEN of ISLES her head shall rear,
And breathe her thanks across the main !

(No. V.)

M I S S H A R L A N D.

H A R K !—thro' the airy region sweetly floats
A blest assemblage of celestial notes !

Where to the happiest taste, a voice is giv'n
To wing the soul, and bear it up to Heav'n !

—How sweet that cadence stole upon the ear,

' In strains, might charm an Angel from his sphere !'

—That

THE BEVY OF BEAUTIES. 13

—That melting close, to rapt attention fell,
Soft as a dying sound in Echo's cell!

O whilst I dwell, dear SYREN, on thy song,
To FAIRY WORLDS my ravish'd spirits throng;
On beds of roses there entranc'd I rest,
In dreams of ecstasy supremely blest!
Where,—to the eye arise my music-spell,
The scenes, of which Arabian fablers tell.
Enchanted regions,—prospects ever bright,—
And HARLAND as a *Geni* cloth'd in *Light*!
—O voice divine! that air again repeat,
And still enchant me in the blest deceit!—

(No. VI.)

L A D Y B E A U C H A M P.

W H Y to describe a lovely shape, or face,
Range through extended Nature's boundless space!
—Why steal the colours of the ruddy morn,
A beauteous cheek with blushes to adorn?

Or

14 THE BEVY OF BEAUTIES.

Or snatch a glowing jewel from the sky,
 Merely to shew the lustre of an eye?—
 On such embellishments, why vainly dwell
 The elegance of BEAUCHAMP's form to tell?—
 —O, what superior symbol shall we find,
 To picture forth the graces of her mind!
 —Hie to the humble cot, the dreary shed,
 Where MIS'RY from the world conceals her head,
 Where POVERTY and SORROW, sadly bear
 The rigour of their fate, the winter of the year;
 And ask the tenants of the lowly dome,
 What guest seeks out their solitary home!—
 —The pause of gratitude,—the sudden break,—
 The look that blesses, ere the tongue can speak,
 With the soft tear,—that BEING shall proclaim,
 Tho' lab'ring passion stifles BEAUCHAMP's name!

(No. VII.)

COUNTESS OF GLANDORE.

SWEET GLANDORE approaches!—And see from her eyes,
 With the lustre of beauty, the ray of thought flies :
 For surely those *eyes* with persuasion impart,
 In the language of love, an *appeal* to the heart.
 Around at the summons, the cherub DESIRE,
 His rosy wing flutters,—rekindles his fire,
 And hovering round the dear nymph, ill at rest,
 Presumptuously seeks to repose in her breast ;
 Presumptuously dares in his transports to rove
 That region of joy, that retirement of love !

O thou, in whom Nature's perfections are join'd,
 A figure enchanting, an elegant mind !
 In whom ev'ry winning attraction is found,
 Whose voice to the soul, is a zephyr of sound ;
 Forgive each allusion, by rapture express'd,
 Nor the feelings misjudge which arise in the breast :
 For since, by each virtue adorn'd, you appear,
 'Tis the *Charter* of Nature to love, and revere !

No. VIII.

(No. VIII.)

HONORABLE MISS THYNNE.

TO lovely THYNNE, in Nature's lustre drest,
 Whose charms upon the soul resistless steal,
 LOVE, turning,—strikes his naked, honest breast,
 And bids her claim a trial of his zeal.
 In sultry *Tracts*, where to the noon-tide ray
 Each blossom droops, each thirsty herblet dies ;
 Where burning sands refract the fiery day,
 And the thin air still parches as it flies :
 Ev'n there,—regardful of his vows, shall LOVE,
 A shelter rear, to screen her from the heat ;
 Yea,—seek the cooling brook, and distant grove,
 And bear refreshment to the lorn retreat.
 Remov'd far thence to bleak *Siberia's* clime,
 Contented pass the tedious, wintry year ;
 And track, well pleas'd, the frozen steps of Time,
 While she, the *Gem* of innocence, is near.

When

THE BEVY OF BEAUTIES. 17

When dusky shades add horror to the scene,
He'll sooth, with gentlest note, her cares to sleep;
Then wander forth, 'midst tempests bleak and keen,
And lend the *brow* of night, an *eye* to weep!

[No. IX.]

COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

IN vain shall *Reynold's* boasted art,
Attempt the language of *those* eyes;
That glance the feelings of a heart,
Whose virtue, with their lustre vies:
How can the lifeless pictur'd scene,
That animated smile display?
Or art, those lovely passions trace,
That like the vary'd lightning play?
A voice, the music of the grove!
Melodious as the shepherd's song,
Who charm'd the savage heart to love;
On whom enraptur'd mortals hung!

C

A form,

18 THE BEVY OF BEAUTIES.

A form, by NATURE sure design'd,

An emblem of its faultless soul!

Where grace, and elegance refin'd,

Conspire to dignify the whole.

Shall not the fair MARIA shine,

Conspicuous in the the shield of Fame?

Herald! the task I now resign:

With *Hill*—go *blazon* CECILS's name!

C— M—x.

(No. X.)

LADY AUGUSTA CAMPBELL.

THE fabling *Arab*, certain to decoy,

With Beauty's charms his half-believers brib'd,

Plac'd WOMAN in his Paradise of joy,

And endless blessings to her pow'r ascrib'd!

—O!

THE BEVY OF BEAUTIES. 19

—O, *Mahomet* ! if in thy bow'rs of Love,
A nymph resides, in CAMPBELL's smiles array'd ;
Bestow the pinions of thy sacred *Dove* *,
And bear me to the dear bewitching maid !
With her, thy rosy paths I'll chearful roam,
Thy vales, which wear the fadeless vest of Spring ;
Where ev'ry fragrant shrub, and spicy bloom,
Their sweets united, to the senses wing !
—Amidst the melody of sounds most choice,
Breath'd in the Zephyrs of thy balmy plain,
No music shall be heard but her dear voice,
No echo charm, but that which mocks her strain.
O Prophet ! in thy mansions of delight,
If dwells the *Image* of the lovely FAIR,
Give the celestial BEING to our fight,
And myriads to thy *Altar* shall repair !

* The inspired DOVE, which, according to Mahomet, dictated the Alcoran ; and, to repeat the expressions of the Prophet, “ flew to heaven, and returned with a swift-ness which overtook the speed of lightning, whenever he wanted instruction from “ God !”

20 THE BEVY OF BEAUTIES.

Away thou *Cheat*! to those whom dreams absorb,

Thy Paradise,—thy blooming nymphs be giv'n:

The smile on CAMPBELL's lip in this *low* ORB,

Exalts the soul above thy *highest* HEAV'N!

(No. XI.)

M R S. ~~Duff~~.

O H, say ye mountain nymphs, ye village maids,
Where hides the lovely *Tenant* of these shades!

—O name the spot!—I'll rove yon up-land head,

Or to the vale, to seek the BEAUTY tread.—

—At noon, this grove with hasty step she crost,

And in a moment to my sight was lost!

Her eyes are brilliant as the morning ray,

Yet beam the mildness of the moon by day!

Her smiling lip, where radiant damask glows,

Wears with the hue—the sweetness of the rose;

Her blushing cheek displays a modest red;—

Celestial tresses o'er her shoulders spread;—

And

And ev'ry pearl that those dear locks adorn,
 Shews like a dew-drop in the beams of morn :
 Her heaving bosom pictures to the sight
 The *Bow'r*, where dwells the *Angel of Delight* !
 Her shape, her air, her limbs of charming mold,
 With magic force the wond'ring senses hold ;
 Her step is Heav'n !—Stop short enquiring LOVE !—
 For beauteous D— —, darts along the grove !

(No. XII.)

L A D Y B U L K L E Y.

'TIS not a look—nor most engaging air,
 Harmonious voice, nor face divinely fair ;
 A coral lip, nor eye which sparkling bright
 Sublimes the radiance of the solar light !
 No—nor a neck, nor bosom white as snow,
 O'er which the locks of *Berenice* flow ;
 Nor lovely limbs, mark'd with celestial grace,
 Such as delight, while BULKLEY's form we trace !

That

22 THE BEVY OF BEAUTIES.

That constitute,—attracting as they are,
 The best adornments Heav'n can grant the FAIR.
 —More winning far—the bright angelic mind,
 Where dwells each truth, by elegance refin'd !
 Whence ev'ry emanation springs to please,
 The grace of Manner, and the soul of Ease !
 Where *Love* sincere, and feeling *Pity* rest,
 The most endearing Virtues of the breast !
 —Yet where this MINE of *Blessings* shall we find ?
 —To BULKLEY'S form, let BULKLEY'S worth be join'd !—

(No. XIII.)

L A D Y D U N C A N N O N .

I N all the sprightly ease of Nature drest,
 How shall thy charms, DUNCANNON, be exprest !
 Thy looks, where sense and sweetness seem combin'd :
 Thy air, which leaves description far behind !
 —Can *Painting's* tributary hand supply
 A colour for that lip,—a radiance for that eye ?—

O, while

O, while her pencil bids those ringlets flow,
With the same touch, can she their magic show ?
—Can *Music*, with collected tones most choice,
Evince the sweetness of that heav'nly voice ?
Or, if that voice she match with skilful art,
Say, with the sound, will she the charm impart ?
—Sweet *Poetry* ! before whose eagle eye
Extended,—Nature's *Realms* of treasure lie ;
For brilliant images, each gem explore,
And borrow from romantic *Fancy*, more !
So, by allusions, happily you tell,
The nameless pow'rs that in DUNCANNON dwell !
—Unequal to the task, I touch the lyre—
—A mere alarm—to wake superior fire !

(No. XIV.)

LADY BORLASE WARREN.

O Why in such notes, more than usually gay,
 Hails the airy-thron'd lark the return of the day ?
 Why pours the sweet thrush thro' the forest her song,
 Which each neighb'ring *Echo* seems fond to prolong ?

Nor thus was the rose of the vale known to blow,
 Nor rose-bud appear with so lovely a glow :—
 Some victory sure is atchiev'd on the Main,
 Which ensures to *Britannia* her empire again !

Forbear !—shall so sweet an affect he assign'd
 To *War*, whose fell ravage has wasted mankind ?—
 No omen of pleasure e'er heralds his way,
 But thron'd in a tempest, he blackens the day !

—That *Nature* this semblance of transport should wear,
 And in all her appendages chearful appear,
 I ascribe to thy presence, blest *Object* of Love !
 And this fond, artless record, the world shall approve !

That

That figure, that motion, those features, that air,
So fram'd to enchant, and so form'd to ensnare,
Dispose the fond soul to attend with delight,
To the warbler's soft song, and the valley-rose bright!

(No. XV.)

MISS POCKOCK.

HOW pleasing once was ev'ry scene,
Which now fatigues the wand'ring eye!
Not that the verdure looks less green,
Or that the blooms have lost their die.
But distant far the BEAUTY roves,
Whose presence brighten'd the recess,
Dispell'd the sadness of the groves,
And gave each bow'r a livelier dress.
—The verdant hill, the blooming plain,
Tho' hid beneath the *veil* of night,—
That disposition still retain,
Which pleas'd at eve the happy fight.

D

The

26 THE BEVY OF BEAUTIES.

The Sun, who ushers forth the morn,
Each beauteous scene shall give anew,
Again the hill, the plain adorn,
Again light up the distant view.—

So wou'd the *Nymph*, whose absent feet
The village swains with sighs deplore,
By hast'ning to this lov'd retreat,
A charm to ev'ry haunt restore!

(No. XVI.)

C O U N T E S S O F J E R S E Y.

S C E N E, *A Retirement.*

T I M E, *The Close of the Day.*

WHERE lies the *Bow'r*, conceal'd in twilight groves,
Which o'er the rest, the charming JERSEY loves?
To which sequester'd spot she oft retires,
When in the West, the blaze of day expires!—

The

That favor'd haunt, pervading Fancy eyes,
And decks with shrubs and blooms of many dies.

—But can the face, where smiles so oft appear,
The *cast* of solitude a moment wear?
Yes,—and those eyes, those sprightly eyes can weep,
And to the tale of Mis'ry, progress keep.—
Praise to her heart!—the tears which Sorrow move,
Are brilliant *jewels* on the cheek of *Love*!

Each neighb'ring Hind, each Cottage-Dweller round,
Speaks of her worth, in looks that baffle sound;
Bids “ev'ry bright reward attend the breast,
“ Which Heav'n with sweet benevolence hath blest!
“ —O may the light which meets her waking eye,
“ The fairest prospects to her view supply!
“ And the soft *Star* of *Eve* a radiance spread
“ O'er each romantic walk she deigns to tread!”

(No. XVII.)

LADY ALTHORPE.

SCENE. *The Green Park.*TIME. *Evening.*

WITH what delight I tread this twilight green,
 * Where ALTHORPE, late with *Devon's* FAIR was seen!
 The Path, the *Beauty* trod, I trace anew,
 While Rapture outflies Nature at the view;
 Restores her image arm'd with ev'ry grace,
 And each celestial sweetness of her face;—
 Enchanting lips, arch'd brow, and radiant eyes!
 Whence, the bright glance of inspiration flies!—
 For sure those eyes, those lovely eyes emit,
 With beauty's sparkling ray, the fire of wit!
 Mix'd with severer looks, which seem to say,
 “ Renew for shame the long neglected lay!—

* Sunday the 18th of March; on which day LADY ALTHORPE, in company
 with the Duchess of DEVONSHIRE, made the tour of Green Park.

“ When

“ When *April* o’er the earth a mantle throws,
 “ When wakes the bloom, and buds the early rose ;
 “ From ev’ry wood, by echoes brought along,
 “ Is heard the Thrush, and Blackbird’s sprightly song.”
 Rouz’d at the call, I touch again the string ;
 —* Thou be the ROSE, and I the BIRD of *Spring* !

(No. XVIII.)

LADY STORMONT.

WHILE BEAUTY holds a charter o’er the breast,
 The eye which views, must STORMONT’s form adore !
 Yet how shall *Nature*’s feeling be exprefs’d,
 Since, speak howe’er we may, the heart means more !
 For her, who wou’d not *Summer*’s scorching heat,—
 Its parching wind—with chearful temper bear ?
 Nor, tho’ the Wintry tempest o’er him beat,
 Exclaim against the rigor of the year !

• Thyself the ROSE, and be the BIRD of SPRING !

JONES’S TURKISH ODE.

For

30 THE BEVY OF BEAUTIES.

For her, who wou'd not brave the restless Deep,
Tho' billows roar'd, and winds fung o'er the mast;
And while the tempest rag'd with angry sweep,
The vows of Love, yet utter 'midst the blast!

On *India's* plain— or on that hostile coast,
Which spreads along the broad *Atlantic* main;
Strip coward *France* of ev'ry pompous boast,
And bow to Earth, the haughty tow'rs of *Spain*!

And, when return'd to *Britain's* sea-beat strand,
Rich with the spoils of many hardy fight,
Present the jewel'd trophy to her hand;
And own its lustre, as it pleas'd her fight!

—Shou'd Fate's decree, reverse the BEAUTY's doom,
Pleas'd still, the lover by her side shou'd roam!—
Her smile wou'd clear Misfortune's darken'd gloom,
And spread a brightness o'er her dreary home!

(No. XIX.)

L A D Y T O W N S E N D.

A S E R E N A D E.

SCENE, *the Vicinity of RAYNHAM HALL.* TIME, *approach
of the Morning.*

O'E R yonder eastern hill, where Morning breaks,
Behold what golden tints ! what radiant streaks !

In *Light's* broad EYE each silver star expires,
And to the West the gloomy Night retires !

What tranquil grandeur dignifies yon seat !
Fair TOWNSEND's residence,—her still retreat !
—Ye minstrels softly to the spot repair,
And breathe, while yet she sleeps, a pleasing air !

Which charm, may strike the slumb'ring BEAUTY's ear,
And bid to Fancy's eye such scenes appear ;
As Nature,—shall outstrip thy choicest views,
Thy best arrangements, and thy loveliest hues— !

Whilst

32 THE BEVY OF BEAUTIES.

Whilst 'mid the transient Paradise she roves,
Thro' blooming vales, and ever-fadeless groves,
Let ev'ry flowing stream, and passing wind,
The *soul* of Melody still leave behind !

When far the visionary Landscape flies,
And on the sense each gay idea dies,
Strike loud the harp !—and to her ear be borne,
As sweet a strain as ever waken'd morn ;

Till moving on the sight with nameless grace,
And more than human sweetness in her face ;
Her eye emits a soft bewitching ray,
And gives increasing brightness to the day !

(No. XX.)

MISS CHILD. *Lately written*

SHALL I, while rambling o'er enchanted ground,
Where odours breathe, and blossoms smile around,
Behold a lovely *Rose* stand forth to view,
Unbath'd its bosom with poetic dew ;

Nor

Nor from the urn committed to my care,
 A portion to the blushing BEAUTY spare!—
 A *Rose*, at sight of which the heart is blest,
 A *Rose*, which LOVE might treasure in his breast,
 Wear at his heart, ev'n to the latest hour,
 As Nature's pride, as Passion's loveliest *Flow'r* !
 —To drop the idle ornament of song,
 Howe'er the symbol to the FAIR belong,
 Howe'er the *Rose*'s colour and perfume,
 Suits with her radiant lips and lovely bloom ;
 For her shall flow, warmed with the purest fires,
 The symphony, which BEAUTY's smile inspires ;
 Each ardent wish for happiness shall rise,
 For chearful prospects, and unclouded skies !

(No. XXI.)

LADY CADOGAN.

An Address to her HARP; for MUSIC.

SWEET INSTRUMENT, whose sounds are such,
 At thy fair *Minstrel*'s tuneful touch ;

E

As

As if, the very *soul* of Love,
In Music to affect her strove !

As if, was proclaim'd in each spirited air,
The *pean* of rapture ! the chorus of joy !
To charm with wild transport the delicate FAIR,
And waken the beam of delight in her eye !

As if, in that subduing swell,
The anguish of the bosom spoke,
And from some shrill-repeating cell,
Upon the ear in murmurs broke ;
As if, each note that dies along the gale,
Was the soft accent of a Lover's wail.

Enchanting *Harp* ! to every hand be mute,
But her's, whose touch, thy tones so aptly suit !
For O within thy frame no Music lives,
Useless her aid, thy lovely Mistress gives ;
And be responsive only when she sings,
And calls an echo from thy trembling strings !

(No. XXII.)

MISS KEPPEL.

Written on seeing a PICTURE of that Lady.

THE Pilgrim wand'ring o'er the dreary Waste,
To some regarded shrine—tho' pale and faint,
Will feel his blood yet glow—his fibres brac'd,
By gazing on a *Relique* of his Saint!

So,—as to BEAUTY's Fane, my course I take,
With fervor more than Pilgrim ever knew,
I feel each principle, each duty wake,
At ev'ry *trace* to Life, to Nature true!

With fondest ardor, with supremest joy,
I view the counterfeit of KEPPEL's face,
Where sweet expression meets the ravish'd eye,
And imitation, nicely pictures grace!

36 THE BEVY OF BEAUTIES.

—Thou, artist, who the faultless portrait wrought,
 And o'er it threw each charm the BEAUTY wears ;
 To ev'ry feature gave the stamp of thought,
 And imag'd forth the smile which *Love* reveres :
 How cou'd'st thou copy with such truth, the cheek,
 Where Nature's pencil left for Art no room,
 Those eyes, whose beams with sweet persuasion speak,
 Those lips, which shame the Spring's most lovely bloom !

(No. XXIII.)

André Moine
 COUNTESS OF SUTHERLAND.

Written on the Appearance of that LADY, while the Author was at Study.

SWEET was the vale, the vocal * PERSIAN chose,
 A station for his *Tent* ! when to repose,
 He tun'd his lute, and sought in shades, to find
 Fit inspiration for a Poet's mind.

* SADI, author of the "BED OF ROSES," written in his retirement ; previous to
 which he composed several Poems on War.

The

THE BEVY OF BEAUTIES. 37

The scene was cloth'd with brooks and verdant bow'rs,
 Perpetual green, and beds of fadeless flow'rs ;—
 Rocks vein'd with gold, and rich with many a shell,
 O'er which bright-sparkling streams in murmurs fell.
 Thro' ev'ry shade, each breathing gale that blew,
 Collected sweets, and scatter'd scented dew.
 Yet still, a nameless something unpossess,
 Destroy'd the verse, and made the scene unblest !—
 Sudden—to animate his voice and song,
 A fair *Circassian* tripp'd the vale along !
 Youthful as morn, and mild as op'ning light,
 Appear'd the BEAUTY to the Poet's sight !
 He struck the lute ;—the hills, the fountains spoke !
 A thousand echoes to his music broke !
 Ev'n so, while richest views before me lay,
 My sonnet glow'd with no poetic ray ;
 'Till, thro' the bow'ry haunt, was seen to rove
 Fair SUTHERLAND !—the very Muse of *Love* !

(No. XXIV.)

HONORABLE MRS. HARCOURT.

*Written upon seeing her at a Review.***H**OW diff'rent from the present age,

The manners of long-wasted times !

—How wild appears the *Runic* Page !—How strange the *Legend* told in Rhimes !

This LAND, in days of ancient worth,

Sent forth no Knight for battle dread,

To gain a paltry spot of earth !—

For richer Spoils the *Briton* bled :

At BEAUTY's call in arms he shone,

LOVE strode an *Herald* by his side :

He fought, to win the FAIR alone ;

A Lady's hand his noblest pride !

Tho'

Tho' in the conflict, almost spent,
A smile, his strength wou'd still renew.
As flow'rs by *midnight* vapours bent,
At *morn* revive with freshen'd hue.

—Beyond the deeds of *Regal War*,
The feats of *Chivalry* I prize ;
And ev'n those marshall'd Troops from far,
On lovely HARCOURT turn their eyes :
For her they feel the thirst of ancient *Fight*.
—Lovely she looks as *Conquest*, to the fight !

THE BEVY OF BEAUTIES

A N

ADDRESS TO THE LADIES.

TO you ye FAIR, whose inspiration wove

The Chaplet, which your Poet's brow adorns,—

Sweet *Harbingers* of joy! of lasting love!—

To you, the verse ye animate, returns.—

Ye NYMPHS unnam'd, unnotic'd thro' the page,

To whom each grace, each elegance belong ;

With ev'ry dear *attraction* to engage,

The *Cherub's* features, and the *Seraph's* song.

Some future hour, the Lyre shall sound for you ;

Some future sonnet, shall express your worth ;

Till then I bow,—till then I bid adieu,

“ Ye first, ye fairest BEAUTIES on the Earth !”

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FINIS